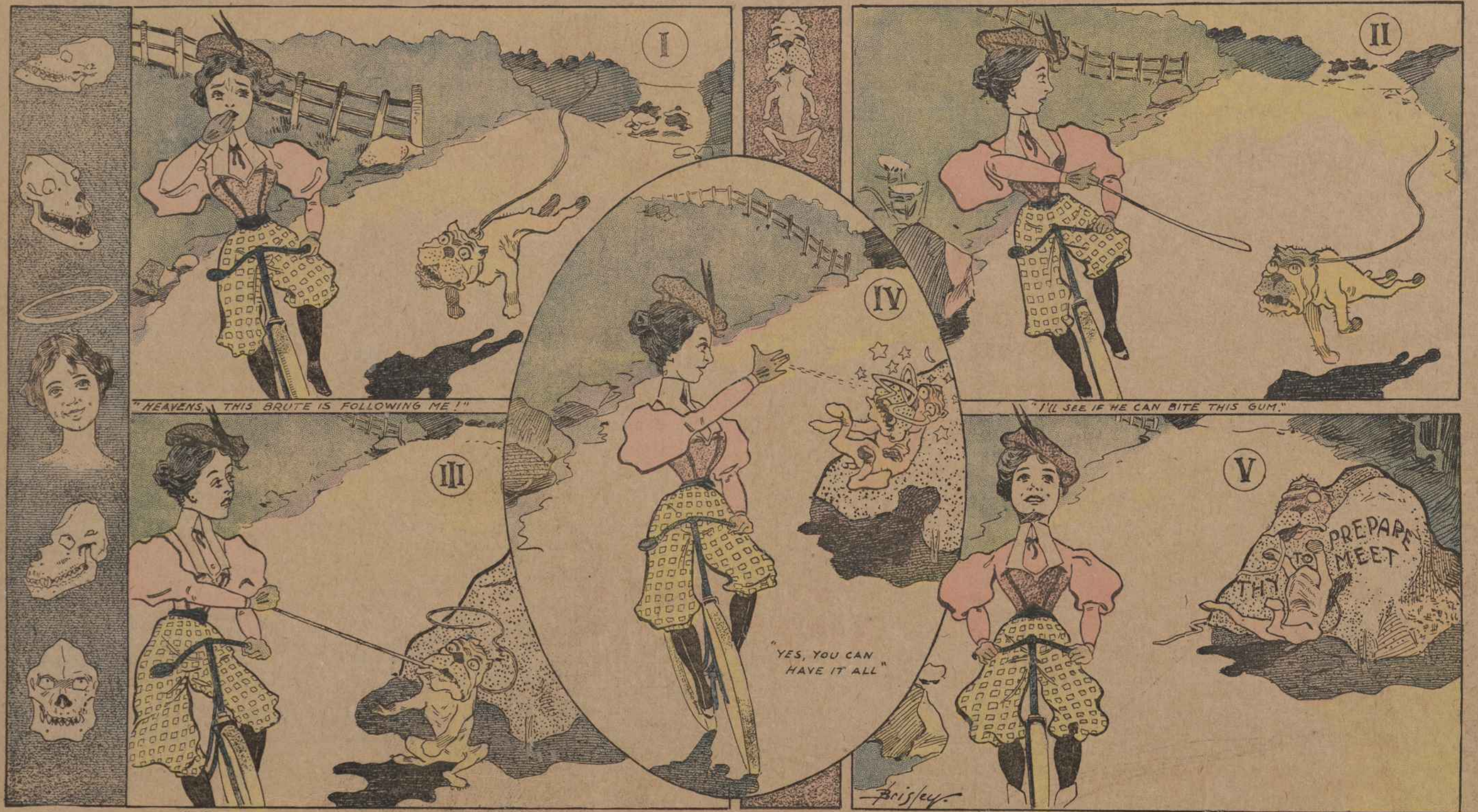


The Girl The Gum and the Bull-dog.



On the Coap.
MR. SUBURBS—Well, Maria, it's about time for us to borrow Mr. Nayberly's lawn mower.
MRS. S.—But we have a new one of our own gear.
MR. S.—Yes, I know, and if we don't borrow his he'll be over to borrow ours from us.

Instructions.
BRIDGET—The door bell doesn't ring, mum.
MISTRESS—Have the man fix it at once. By the way, Bridget, if any one does call, I'm not at home.

Always the Same.
MAGISTRATE—How old are you?
WOMAN—Thirty.
MAGISTRATE—Why, if I'm not mistaken you told me that three years ago.
WOMAN—And so I did. I'm not a woman who says one thing one day and another the next.

At the Seaside.
MAUDE—Why do the people say the waves are forever at war?
THE BOSS—Because they are forever shelling the beach.

Cut.
"Don't you think," she asked, As he started away,
"That the grass on our lawn You should cut to-day?"
"Yes; I do my dear," He answered her sweetly;
"I'll take your advice And ignore it completely."
In a Country Cape.
"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"For a basket to put that chestnut in," she said.

Retributive Justice.
"Front!" called Satan in stentorian tones. Belsebub answered his call.
"Match this shade for me," said Satan, and his subordinate drew forth his box of lucifers and led away the spirit of the never-to-be-satisfied shopper.
The Reason.
B. ROOK LYNNE—It seems to me you have to pay a pretty high rent for your flat.
HARRY LEM FLATTE—Yes, but there's no janitor, you know.

He Spoke from Experience.
SAMANTHY—Why do they speak of plowing the waves? They don't raise anything in 'em, do they?
JOSIAH (who has been across)—Mebbe they don't grow much, but them waves kin raise a heap, I tell yew!
Know What She Wanted.
MEDIUM—The spirit of your wife wishes to speak with you, Mr. Jones.
JONES—Tell her I lock the door and put the cat out every night.

THE CLAIM-FOR-DAMAGE CRANK.

